

When I Go Out by TumbleTree

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Summary:

"A week later Billy asked without using swears and like an actual human being. Steve said yes."

Billy was nervous. *Fuck* he was so nervous. His palms were wet with sweat and his heart was beating a fast rhythm that made his chest ache. He needed this to go well. He needed one thing in his life to be good and Billy wanted Steve to be that.

When I Go Out

Author's Note:

"I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles)" by The Proclaimers was released in 1988, which I know is four years ahead of when *Stranger Things* takes place. I just feel that this song really represents how Billy would be with Steve if they ever were in a relationship.

It had been a week since Steve told Billy what was up. As in, *ask me out like a normal person Hargrove*. Ever since that day Billy has been keeping his distance. Steve wasn't sure if it was because he finally stood up to Billy or because of something else. What he did know, was that every time Billy averted his eyes when they made eye contact or avoided him when they worked together, a little more of him broke.

He felt sick when Billy stopped flirting with him. And felt off-kilter when the other boy stopped touching him. Steve never realized before how tactile Billy was in their interactions until he stopped. He missed the lingering looks, dark with promise and the strategic touches. The kind where Billy's fingers would gently brush against the nearest part of Steve's body. The kind that took Steve's breath away and left him frozen for minutes afterward.

Which was why Steve hadn't slept a full night since that day. He was tired and he *missed* Billy. He missed Billy so much and Steve was terrified he had lost him before he even had a chance with him. He also had this lingering thought that Billy had just been pulling his leg the whole time and just wanted to see how far he'd be able to go before Steve snapped. He didn't want to think like that, but it was so hard.

Steve sighed and shoved another can of green beans onto the shelf. The green giant stared back from where Steve had placed the can at a sideways angle. He seemed to share Steve's thoughts on the whole Billy issue.

Sometimes that boy just made Steve so angry.

"Hey," *speaking of the devil*, Steve thought. He turned just enough to see Billy standing beside the shelves, his shoulder pressed against it. He almost turned back, but at the sight of Billy dressed as himself and not in the mandatory polo and khakis, he chose to see what Billy wanted.

Billy fidgeted before standing up straight, "how've you been?" The question threw Steve off, not because it was asked rudely, but because Billy had never really asked that question. He also didn't think they were on speaking terms.

"I thought it was your day off?" Steve tried to sound conversational, but even he could hear the slight impatience. He shoved another can onto the shelf to mask his slip.

He watched Billy run his fingers through his hair out of the corner of his eye. "I thought you had the day off too." It wasn't a question.

"I did." Steve leaned back on his heels, "Carol called out sick and since I wasn't doing anything, I offered." He shrugged before grabbing another can.

Billy grabbed his wrist, causing Steve to drop the can in surprise. "Fucks sake Harrington. I had it all planned out." Steve almost missed his words because Billy's grip was distracting. It was strong, yet gentle and he could feel every callous.

"Wait-what?" He asked, tugging his hand free and reaching for the dropped can of green beans.

"If you fucking pick that up again I'm gonna hit you," Steve placed his hand on his thigh.

"What do you want Hargrove?" Steve didn't even bother to hide his exhaustion. Billy frowned at this.

"I'm not asking you like this," Steve gave him a questioning look. "Jesus-stand up will ya?" Steve huffed and started to push off from the ground, only to fall back in surprise when Billy's hand shoved it's way under his nose. Hesitantly, Steve grasped Billy's outstretched hand. With barely a strain, Billy had Steve up and pressed against his

chest. Steve took a step back.

Once they were both standing, Billy took a deep breath. "I want to ask you on a date." Steve couldn't contain the noise he made, a mix between a squeak and a moan.

Billy took this as a bad sign and started to ramble. "I had this whole thing planned out for a week now and I drove by your house and you *weren't there*. I waited an hour before thinking to come here." He ran sweaty fingers through his curls again, "I asked for us both to have the day off today and of course you just had to be you."

Steve didn't know if that was a compliment or an insult. But he didn't focus on that for long, not with the way Billy rambled nervously and wouldn't meet his eyes. And for the fact that Billy had *planned* this. Had been planning this for a week now. Steve felt his heart skip a beat.

"Billy. *Billy*." Steve finally spoke, noticing they were getting off topic. "Just. Tell me what's going on please. I can't-I don't want to interrupt this wrong."

Billy finally seemed to calm down enough to say what he needed to. "I want to take you out on a date. Will you go out with me?" Steve smiled, his heart ten seconds away from beating right out of his chest.

Steve grasped Billy's hand, remembering the first time Billy had covered his own. God, his hand was so tiny compared to Billy's. Where Billy's hands were short and stocky, Steve's were long and sinuous.

"Yes. Yes of course I'll go out with you," Billy's shoulders just dropped. "All you had to do was ask."

Billy was nervous. *Fuck* he was so nervous. His palms were wet with sweat and his heart was beating a fast rhythm that made his chest ache. He needed this to go well. He needed one thing in his life to be good and Billy wanted Steve to be that.

No.

He needed Steve to be that. So, this had to go perfect. If it didn't he was going to beat the shit out of something.

As they picked their way to the dark field, Billy superstitiously wiped his hands on his favorite jeans. With minute trembling, he brushed his fingers against Steve's. Silently asking for permission and sighing with relief when the request was accepted by the firm grasp of Steve's hand in his.

With a burst of renewed confidence, Billy led the way to the picnic basket and blanket he had laid out before going to pick up Steve. It was a cheesy idea that a person only saw in movies or romance books. But Billy saw how acts of affection got to Steve. He didn't get them enough from his own parents and Billy wanted to give even an ounce of what he deserved.

Besides. Billy was like his mom in that way. A hopeless romantic who didn't know when to quit. For Steve Harrington, Billy didn't think he'd ever quit.

Breaking the silence, Steve kindly demanded, "what's going on?" When Billy didn't answer Steve gave a fond sigh from behind him, but didn't pull away from Billy. Which did wonders on his nerves.

Taking deep calming breaths Billy stopped at the center of the field. Before Steve could start asking any questions, he dropped down onto the slightly scratchy blanket. Tugging Steve down after him.

The blanket used to be his mom's. All together, it was a terrible blanket, with its frayed edges and faded plaid. But it also held the memories of when Billy and his mom would do this very same thing. He wanted to share that with Steve and Billy hopes-knows his mom would want him to as well.

"Billy what are we doing?" Steve hesitantly placed his hand on Billy's arm. Billy could practically taste the concern, but instead of reassuring his boyfriend he leaned back on his elbows, crossing his feet at the ankles and just tilted his back. Steve eventually moved his eyes away from Billy to follow his gaze.

“Oh wow,” Steve breathed, his hand dropping from Billy’s arm to his thigh. “How did I never notice?”

“You just weren’t looking sweetheart.” While Steve was distracted, Billy flipped the edge of the basket lid open. Revealing two sandwiches and a couple cans of soda. Because Steve refused to drink after some pool incident.

“Here,” Billy offered up a coke and a sandwich. When Steve’s gaze dropped to Billy’s hands, his eyes lit up like he had just asked for Steve’s hand. One day that’ll happen, one day.

Grabbing the drinks, Steve offered a quiet “thank you.” His cheeks were flushed and his lip quivered in a barely restrained grin. He took a sip before turning back to look at the stars.

Eventually and after finishing their food, Billy laid down. His arms folded behind his head as a makeshift pillow, while Steve tucked his body all along Billy’s side. His hand a comforting weight on his chest and his head on Billy’s shoulder.

The stars really were pretty tonight, reminding Billy of days on a beach with his mom. But as he looked down at his half asleep partner, he couldn’t help but think that he found something prettier.

Author's Note:

If you want more Harringrove come check me out on Tumblr at: thebumblebeetumbletree.tumblr.com where you can submit prompts or just come hang out!

Comments and Kudos are appreciated!!